

## Children's Sermon

### The Boy Who Was Almost Killed by His Father.

"Take \* \* \* thy son \* \* \* and offer him \* \* \* for a burnt offering." Gen. 22:2.

Abraham was ninety-nine years old, and Sarah, his wife was ninety years old, and they did not have any children. They wanted a son very much and God promised them that he would give them one. After a year, when Abraham was a hundred years old, God gave them a son, and they called him Isaac, because God told them to do so. This name means laughter and was given to the baby boy, because his father and mother were so glad God had given them a son that they both laughed.

Abraham and Sarah loved Isaac a great deal. But one day when he was about twelve or fifteen years old, God told Abraham that he must take Isaac and go to a place away across the country and there he must offer him a sacrifice on an altar. That meant that he was to kill him and burn him, just as Abraham had often offered lambs in sacrifice.

This made Abraham very sad, but he felt that he was obliged to do what God told him to do. He knew that God would not tell him to do anything that was wrong, though he could not understand why God told him to do it.

So they started off for the place God told Abraham to go to. It was a long way off, and they had to walk all the way. They walked all of two days, and on the third day they came in sight of the place. When they came to the foot of a mountain or big hill, Abraham told the two young men, who had come with them to stay there until he and Isaac came back. Then he took a big bundle of wood they had brought with them and put it on Isaac's shoulders. They did not have any matches in those days, so they had to carry some fire with them. After awhile Isaac said: "Father, here is the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for the sacrifice?" Abraham told him that he need not

be disturbed about not having a lamb. He said God would provide a lamb. He was not willing to tell him that God had said he was to be the sacrifice.

When they got on top of the mountain, Abraham built an altar of stones, and then put the wood on it. Then Abraham took Isaac and tied his hands and his feet and laid him on the wood on the altar, and took a big knife and was just about to kill Isaac, as God had told him to do.

We may be very sure that it was very hard for him to do this, and that he was very sad because God had told him to kill his little boy.

Isaac must have thought it very strange that his father had tied him and put him on the altar, but he was sure that his father would not do anything that was not right.

Abraham raised his hand to kill Isaac with the knife that he had and just then an angel that God had sent said: "Abraham, don't hurt the boy. God wanted to see whether you loved him enough to offer up your son for him, and now he knows that you do." So Abraham took Isaac off of the altar and untied his hands and his feet, and when he turned around he saw a ram caught in the bushes by his horns. So Abraham and Isaac took him and offered him as a sacrifice on the altar.

God told Abraham to offer up his son, because he wanted to see whether he loved God more than anything else. Abraham loved his son more than anything else in the world, but he loved God more.

God wanted Abraham to know how hard it was to kill his son, because God was going to let his Son be killed, so that he could save sinners.

Every one of us is tied and would be killed if God had not provided a substitute, just as he sent the ram to take Isaac's place on the altar. Our substitute is Jesus Christ, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." We ought to love him and trust him.

Cooking utensils are very rude and cooking stoves are used only by the white people. Open wood fires are universal among the natives. Our missionaries live upon native food and canned goods sent out from America and England. Fresh meat is scarce, but fish are plentiful, and prepared in the native way are excellent.

We have a good supply of millet, rice, bananas, sugar cane and pineapple, also chickens, eggs, sheep and goats. And, if you were here and wished to vary your diet you could eat snails, ants, caterpillars and palm worms.

The ants are half an inch long, and are dried with a little salt, and are not bad. They resemble rancid bacon in taste. The caterpillars are broiled, dipped in palm oil, and swallowed headforemost.

Dress goods is made from the fiber of the pineapple leaf. They take one of the broad, green leaves, scrape off the outer coating of soft pulp then twist the woody fiber into fine strands of strong thread, which resemble our home-spun linen thread.

We in America cannot imagine what a hospital means in Africa. The McKowen Hospital has met a crying need, and will remain

a beacon light of hope to thousands in central Africa.

The native costume consists of three or four yards of cloth fastened securely around the waist and reaching to the knee.

The church at Luebo is the largest in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

Your friend,

Nettie Patterson.

Luebo, Congo.

## Children's Letters

### A LITTLE WEST VIRGINIAN.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl five years old, and I thought I would get my grandmother to write a letter to you. My father takes your paper, and we enjoy reading your children's letters so much. My father goes to the Presbyterian Church, and takes me to Sunday-school. He has been a member of the Presbyterian Church for a long time. Mr. Ghiselin is our minister. He married my aunt, and we are devoted to him. My mother is a member of the Episcopal Church, and my little brother goes to church with her, but sometimes he goes with my father. He is eleven years old. I expect to start to school next fall. I am now sick with whooping cough. Hope to be well by the time school opens. This is an old town we live in, and we love it so much. I am,

Your little friend,

Lucy V. Reinhart.

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Dear Lucy: We will all enjoy your letter, I am sure. I do hope you will be well in time for school. Write to us again. H. A.

### A QUESTION FROM ALABAMA.

Dear Presbyterian: This is my second letter to you. I think I can answer Mary Wees's question. Enoch was Methuselah's father. I will ask a question, too. Who was Mary, the Virgin's father and mother!

Your friend,

Robert Anderson.

Prospect, Ala.

Dear Robert: You are a very good Bible student, it seems to me. I hope your question will not prove too hard for some of our friends. Watch the letters carefully. H. A.

### FROM GEORGIA.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl ten years old. I go to the Presbyterian church at Metter, Ga. My teacher's name is Miss Adams. I have a little sister and brother. I go to school too. I am in the fourth grade. My sister is in the third grade.

From your friend,

Sarah Suddath.

Metter, Ga.

Dear Sarah: We are glad to have your letter for our page. What are you doing this summer? H. A.

The most difficult lesson we have to learn is that of getting past ourselves. What did Jesus do for such as you daily see about you? Who did he say they were? What was the temper of his heart toward them? What did he do for them? Are you so following him in your ministry as to compel others to feel that Jesus is a real power in your life? Thus to live, you will touch the heart of your Lord and be initiated into the guild of Jesus.—Selected.

of empty provision boxes and native materials and by native carpenters.

Nearly all building materials are exceedingly perishable because of hordes of destroying insects. There is a great need for brick buildings to replace all the present mud ones. Many of the workmen are now continually employed making repairs.

The white ants inhabit the walls of the buildings, keeping one on continual guard for all pictures, clothing, books, boxes, etc, also disfiguring the walls, so that they require new coats of whitewash.

The black ants, called the "Driver" ants, come in the houses by millions and will not turn aside for anything except fire. When they come to the bank of a stream they march over on the trunk of a tree fallen across the water. If interfered with they attack their assailant, and their bite, though not poisonous, is very painful. If a house happens to be in their way they literally go through it. Some of our missionaries have had to go out of the house until the drivers had finished their raid. When they have been through a house it is entirely cleared of rats, mice or other vermin. The natives build a ring of fire around their huts to keep them out.